

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

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SELECTED POETRY.

Spring.

No more of frost, no more of snow,
The soft winds gentle, breathe like song
The happy birds, no longer mute,
Make music sweet, as lovers, hush,
And love itself, sweet, sweet, springs
Ming blossoms, and loving swains,
A theme more joyous none can sing,
Than this to the sweet promise, Spring.

To those who've journeyed from the past,
Thy joyous spring and their long
The bygone days have left a trace—
Lest blighted that nothing can efface.
The bright eyes quench the warm hearts cold,
The shadowed heart without a fold
Departed, leaving mate and young,
Nearer, his life's a nursing,
Yet, with the heart the love the wing,
With joy he still dwells in Spring.

It seems awakening youth to all,
Whichever soeas their fate befall:
For a while breathes her springing tomb,
All life and sunshine, joy and bloom,
Thy face like only brightness shine,
Earth's tender blossoms glowing;
Birds chirp and trill on every tree,
What joyous, unalloyed melody!
What joy has brought, what time may bring,
With joy we still dwell in Spring.

Suppose like this, we winter cast,
Lapse freezing glaciers with the past;
The blinding world, the white unknown,
The passions, wild as winter wind;
Forgiving injury with grace,
Good nature levelling every trace;
And, casting off pride's iron mask,
Forgiveness, too, of other's lack;
If thou couldst feel, how good it brings,
Oh, how we ought to bless thee, Spring!

COMMUNICATIONS.

Correspondence of the Keowee Courier.

HERNIMAN, BADEN, April 12, 1860.
MR. THOMPSON.—Dear Sir: I seize upon a leisure hour during my Easter vacation to pen you a few thoughts and observations. There are a thousand little things that I would like to tell you about Berlin, but as I have taken leave of that city, I will say no more about it now.

I made an excursion, in company with Prof. EVANS, of Wisconsin, to Potsdam, the summer residence of the King and Court of Prussia, sometimes styled the City of Palaces, from the six royal palaces and the many princely residences of the nobility and private citizens. The city, with a population of 50,000, is beautifully situated on the Havel, which spreads out into extensive lakes, surrounded by picturesque hills, the charms of which have been very much heightened by the hand of culture and art. The most noted of the palaces is Sanssouci, built by Frederick the Great, as a place of retirement, as its name implies. The invalid, lunatic King, being at present in the palace, we were only allowed to visit the picture gallery and gardens. The gallery is a magnificent building containing some very fine statues, such as copies of the *Ophelia* by the artist, the *Diana of Versailles*, *Mars and Venus*, by the best modern sculptors. Most of the paintings have been transferred to Berlin, but there are still some fine specimens of the best masters, for instance, Raphael, Rubens, Correggio, Phlo Veronese, &c. I was guilty of unpardonable rudeness in asking of a sentinel, at the gate of the Palace, something about "the King," without putting "His Majesty" or any other of the usual trimmings, but, though reminded of my transgression of the rules of etiquette by the harshness of the reply, I succeeded in gaining several hints of information without changing my style for the better.

The gardens contain a great many rare tropical plants, which Frederick the Great once complained to a French Prince, do not flourish well here. To which the Frenchman, with characteristic politeness and wit, replied, "Sir, it seems that with you nothing flourishes but your laurels." The water works were not playing; the main fountain is said to send up a jet 130 feet high. The statues around the fountains represented most characters and scenes taken from Greek and Roman mythology. I was very much amused to see the artificial ruin (I believe imitation of some of the ruins near Rome, at an immense cost. My friend suggested that if Louis Napoleon should make an excursion through here, they would soon have ruins enough with out the trouble of building them. To an American this love of antiquities is almost incomprehensible. On the whole, a visit to Potsdam is even now very interesting, but must be charming when the gardens are in their summer dress, the fountains playing, and thousands of people there amusing themselves.

I left Berlin with great reluctance, and shall always look back upon the seven months spent there as among the happiest of my life, on account of the many privileges, social, religious, literary and scientific, there enjoyed. My first stopping place after leaving Berlin was Wittenberg, sometimes termed the Protestant Mecca, since it was in this place that Luther and Melancthon taught in the once famous University, and were buried in the church. But I must not forget to mention Luther's Station, where is preserved the Ludendorff-box of Tetzel, of which he was robbed, near here, as he was returning with it full of gold, the produce of pardons and indulgences sold. Among others, an indulgence to a Knight, Hans von Haecke, to slay and rob a man, which proved to be himself. Arriving at Wittenberg, I was so fortunate as to meet an acquaintance who took great pleasure in showing me his native city, and then directed me to the Sexton, who keeps the keys of the church and of Luther's former residence in the University—now a Theological Seminary. The old Sexton was not at home, but his blooming daughter put on her bonnet and offered her services as guide. The door of the church in which Luther hung up his 95 Theses was destroyed by the French, but has been replaced by one of metal, on which the

Theses are engraved—the Latin words being written in German letters. Luther and Melancthon are both buried within the church, and their epitaphs may be read by raising a trap-door. In the Market Square is a bronze statue of Luther, erected in 1823, by Shadow, a Prussian sculptor, by order of King Frederick William III. The corner-stone of a monument to Melancthon, is to be laid on the 10th of this month, the 300th anniversary of his death. The celebration is to be continued several days; the Prince Regent and other members of the Royal family of Prussia are to be present. Luther's dwelling remains just as he left it—his table, beer-cup, wine-glass, a nice, cosy wooden seat of *lecker-lecker*, in which he and his wife used to sit by the window, and a fine picture of him by Cranach, enable one to imagine how things were three centuries ago. As the Church and Seminary are in different ends of the town, I had a long talk with the *friseur*, who was quite communicative, giving me all the information I asked for, and a good deal more, besides. Among other things, she told me, with the most unsophisticated frankness, that she was engaged to a young preacher in Holland, and would be married in the summer, though she could speak no Dutch, and he no German. On parting with her, she remarked in English, "It has given me great pleasure to go with you." I give you this as a specimen of that whole-hearted cordiality that in this country is so refreshing to the traveller, and especially to the foreigner. In the afternoon I again took the cars for Weimar. An hour's delay in Halle, gave me an opportunity to wander through the principal streets of this famous University town, where so many great Divines have taught, and where now the venerable Tholuck, with his colleagues Mueller, Jacobi and Roediger, attract many students of Theology.

Weimar, the capital of Saxe-Weimar, is beautifully situated on the Ilm—it is the German Athens—celebrated as the residence of Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland, to whom there are beautiful bronze statues in various parts of the city, and whose dwellings are pointed out to the stranger. The streets are paved with slaty stones, and kept remarkably clean. The houses are, for the most part, small, but elegant, covered with slate instead of tiles as in North Germany. The charming environs, with wooded hills, the warm Spring sun shine, the bursting buds and warbling birds, formed a picture in pleasing contrast with the endless monotonous plains, and gloomy, wintry climate of Berlin. Here I saw a number of recruits mustered into the army. The poor fellows had been drafted the day before, and would be compelled to serve two years, and what is worse, there is a general impression that they will be called into active service before their time expires. From Weimar the Railroad passes S.W., through the romantic Thuringian Forest, which I could not help admiring, though one sees nothing satisfactory from the cars. The next town of importance is Erfurt, where Luther commenced his career as a Monk, in an Augustinian Convent, in consequence of a vow made, on a friend of his being struck dead at his side by lightning. Here he first read the Bible, a copy of which he accidentally picked up in a corner of the library. What immense consequences have resulted to the world from these apparently trivial circumstances? The town is very old and unattractive. It is entered and left by two short tunnels under the fortifications.

At Gotha a number of young men came into the cars, taking leave of their friends with very affectionate embraces and kisses, which is very common among the men of Germany. Southward from the Railroad here are mountains, many of them covered by ancient feudal castles, the most remarkable of which are the Drei Gleichen, (Three Equals,) in sight of each other, and very much alike. These are not wild, savage mountains, but picturesque, and, so to speak, civilized, susceptible of cultivation, and so combining the useful with the agreeable.

At Eisenach I again left the cars in order to visit the towers of the Wartburg, the former residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia, with many legends and some historical associations, which render it quite interesting. As an example of the former, one of the fresco paintings represents St. Elizabeth, one of the early princesses, who was detected by her selfish husband distributing food to the poor from her apron, and being asked what she had there, replied, "Flowers." The husband tore open the apron in a rage, thinking to detect her in a falsehood, but by a miracle the bread and cheese had been changed into roses and lilies, to cover the pious fraud! Here Luther was declared as a prisoner in 1521, by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who took this method of defending him from the dangers that threatened him after his defence at Worms. He passed for a young nobleman, Squire George, ("Junker Georg.") wearing a monk's robe and suitable clothing. Here he wrote some of his translation of the Bible, which is still the standard in Germany. His room and furniture are just as he left them more than 300 years ago. Here, according to his own account, he was attacked by the Evil One, and repulsed him by throwing the inkstand at his head. The ink-spots had been carried away by the relic-hunters, and the guide told me he had made several new ones which had shared the same fate, so that there is now a considerable hole in the plastering.

Half an hour's walk down the mountain through a heavy April shower, brought me again to the Station, where I took the next train for Cassel, the land of fat dogs and hiring soldiers.

Yours, truly,

B.

A wife's farewell to her husband every morning—"Day and day."

It is very well for little children to be taught, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

Life in Charleston.

We compile from the correspondence of the New York Herald; impressions of Charleston and the "goings-on" there:

Within the area of a quarter of a mile square in this city, embracing the Mills House, the Charleston Hotel, and the hall where the Convention is to be held, all on Meeting street, at right angles with this street, where are the Pavilion, Planters' and other hotels and boarding-houses, nearly all this crowd, of about two thousand active politicians, probably, are gathered. Some few are on board steamers and in more distant localities, but the mass are within that area, especially on Meeting street. The Mills House and Charleston Hotel have, I suppose, some twelve hundred. These two hotels are the centers. From early morning till midnight, or till 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning again, the halls, reception rooms, parlors, passage ways, pavilion and bar-rooms of these hotels are crowded with men discussing the merits of their candidates and the chances of each. Though speaking one language, and with less difference of accent from the different parts of the country than the people of any other country, and though more homogeneous by far than any other people, yet there is no difficulty in determining to what section each one belongs. It is not necessary to be told this; there are peculiarities distinct and unmistakable. And the men gathered here are representative men, or types, in an exaggerated form, of classes of men, or of the people of different localities. There is no mistaking the drifting, boisterous, determined, self-satisfied Western man, full of talk, never tired of talking, loving discussion, watching every opportunity to throw himself into an argument, and then holding on to it most pertinaciously and with great earnestness. Douglas is a thorough type of this class. I see many little Douglases here. These men are thoroughly Democratic in the general, comprehensive sense of the word. They are great talkers, but not great thinkers. They are apt at catching and appropriating the ideas of others, and then, after having adopted, or reiterated them in the same terms as earnestly as if they were original. These are characteristic features, however, of the Western man of the New England stock more than of any other. Nor is there any difficulty in identifying the man from New England. He does not carry himself as erect and defiant as the Western man; he does not go as direct and boldly to the question; he beats round, takes a tortuous course, and is evasive; he argues, while he appears to be inquiring; rather than by bold statements or assertions. His words are measured, and they come partly out of the half opened mouth, and partly through the nose, while the Western man opens his mouth wide, and the words appear to roll out from the bottom of his throat. The Eastern man appears to be cautiously calculating, always the movements around him, and how he can turn them to some account. He can pump a frank, open-minded person dry in five minutes, without having communicated an idea. The men here from the North, too, may be distinguished from the rest, but not so readily. And then, again, the New Yorker and Pennsylvanian are unlike each other. The Pennsylvanian is quite steady and substantial in looks and in his mental character, the New Yorker is active, scheming and adroit, whether in the garb or style of a well-dressed city gentleman, or that of a rough from Tammany or the Pewter Mine, or from the interior towns. The Pennsylvanian has a local sort of look—the New Yorker more cosmopolitan. The Southern man may be known from his quiet, dignified, frank manner and erect bearing. He is ever ready and able to respond in argument; but is not naturally loquacious. He, too, like the Western man, is earnest and determined, but quietly, and with a certain degree of reserve. He rarely makes an attack, but will hold his position to the end. He is more social—more democratically social, if I may use such an expression—than the men from the North or the East. He is somewhat proud—it is rather, however, pride of character than anything else, while at the same time his manners are simple, easy and utterly free from hauteur. He appears to be more of thought than of action. These types of classes or of sections of our country may be distinguished in the crowd at Charleston, more in this manner of observing them than from the style of dress or personal appearance in other respects.

The hotel-keepers and people of Charleston have miscalculated, evidently, the number of visitors expected during the sitting of the Convention. From present appearances, there will not be probably over four to five thousand strangers on the occasion. Many suppose there will not be over three thousand. Except the Mills House and the Charleston Hotel, I suppose the hotels will not be full. These two will, because of their location and capacity. I should not be surprised, however, if these should have many vacant beds or rooms by Tuesday night. People will not stand paying five dollars a day for indifferent board, and to sleep on cots with a crowd of others, in the same room, whenever they can do better. I understand the other hotels and boarding houses are talking of lowering their prices considerably. Most of the resident families are in the country yet, so that the city would be really dull but for the Convention.

PARLOR VIEWS.—The calm, moderate, deliberate views of the conservative Southerners are that Hunter, of Virginia, would make the best President. Some South Carolinians are particularly friendly to Hunter, for the reason that he was a friend to their beloved Calhoun, Orr, of South Carolina, is losing cast among the fire-eaters, for his alleged friendship for Douglas. They say the Vice Presidency is hanging by those gills. Douglas is so hated by the South Carolinians that it is political death for any of their representative people to advocate his nomination. Not one who does so, they say, need ever again aspire to political honors at the hands of the State. They may set it down as certain that their Congressional careers are over, and that a new deal will be dealt, let who will turn up jack. Notwithstanding this feeling, there are some substantial South Carolinians who will not only stand by Douglas if nominated, but openly advocate his nomination. Among these is Governor Aiken. In the city of Charleston, too, Douglas is not without friends, although he is by no means their first choice.

BAR-ROOM VIEWS.—Imagine a crowded bar-room. A hundred people present. Huge bowls of claret punch, brandy punch and other luxuriant concoctions of the balmy South are leading down the counters. About ten expert blacks assist the white bar princes in turning out cocktails, sherry cobbler, mint jellies, smashes and all sorts of those things. The weather is hot; the people are thirsty. Loud declamations, secret conveys, soft and hard whispering, plottings and counter-plottings, stratacous, pipe-laying, and all other surroundings of a high-blooded political convention, give a zest to a social drink that no other excitement can produce; and yet the bright and fragrant roses you see through your heads sorrowfully in the gentle South wind as each drink is swallowed. There are drinkers from the frozen North, drinkers from the fiery East, drinkers from the luxurious West, drinkers from the fiery South—drinkers from everywhere. The conversation is heated, although the drinks are cooling. The perspiration pours from many a swarthy brow. "Douglas will sweep the entire North-west," cries one. "He will set the prairies a-burning, and a-burning, and all—can't put the fire out." "He is a true friend of the South, let the South say what they please." A Californian appears. Dickinson, of New York, is his man, and the man of his delegation. "A New Yorker appears—rather Seymourish. A Pennsylvanian enters—"Some Guthrie." "Some Breckinridge." "Some Douglas." More drinks. A fire-eating Louisianian appears. He curses both loud and deep. He comes to Charleston to expose and denounce Seward and Benjamin, United States Senators from his State. From what he says they are a brace of very wicked men. But behold! a gray-bearded defender of Seward appears. According to his account Seward is a good and a true man—true to his friends as steel to the magnet. More drinks. A Northerner's orthodoxy is questioned. He becomes enraged, and pronounces the statement a damned lie! No challenge—no duel. More drinks. Two Southern Young bloods, set, with nothing to do but to spend money, get into a quarrel. They are somewhat elevated. Words grow warm. An epithet is uttered, followed on the other side by a blow on the breast! Hatchets and bowie knives are talked of. Friends interfere. Reconciliation. Shake hands. More drinks. A Westerner says if people will get about politics in bar-rooms he will make a speech. He speaks. More drinks. And so it is for hours and hours. They talk and talk—jabber and jabber—but hot, and drink and drink! Five hundred dollars per day for drinks! one of the items of receipts at the Mills House! They tell me that the figures are good. As a general thing, the views of the principal bar-rooms are in favor of Douglas.

STREET VIEWS.—Knots of delegates are assembling on the corners of the streets. They talk earnestly. Here and there is an excited individual. He is ready to harangue any crowd. He is a zealous Douglas man. He has heard that the Wood delegation has been bought by the South, and is pledged against the "Little Prairie Man." Heaven! how indignant he is. He looks as if he could make mince-meat of Fernando and his whole crowd. The infection spreads. The excitement expands. There is some doubt about the fidelity of a delegation elected by a Douglas constituency. He is beset by a number of Douglas men. "There is a heap of trouble on that poor man's mind." He is exhorted in a loud and impressive manner to "Hold! hold! hold!" Guess he will.

APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.—SANITARY CONDITION, &c.—Charleston is a prettier and better regulated city than people would generally suppose, to hear some Northerners speak of it. Its streets are regular, but some of them are rather too narrow for a Southern city, in which the free circulation of air contributes to the general health, and is much facilitated by having avenues of generous width. Some of the private mansions are of princely dimensions and architectural beauty, but the public buildings—the post office, for instance—are sadly out of repair, and reflect but little credit upon the generosity of Uncle Sam. The sanitary condition of Charleston has been much improved lately by the construction of a number of tidal drains in the back part of the city, by means of which the filth and offal that formerly accumulated are now washed into the sea every day by the rising and falling of the tide. The Battery is a well known and favorite resort of the citizens of Charleston for promenade &c.

CHARLESTON MARKET HOUSES.—PRICES OF PROVISIONS, &c.—A visit to the market houses in Charleston on a Saturday evening affords an insight into one of the novelties of the place. I enjoyed that pleasure in company with an old resident of the city. Nearly all the butchers, vegetable dealers, hucksters, dealers in fish, fruit, flowers, pork, poultry, "sausagers," &c., are slaves—some of them of the pure African type. The market was crowded at the time of my visit, and the purchases were lively. The slaves receive the money from their sales, and account thereafter to their masters. Some of them are more expert in making change and striking a bargain than you will find in Washington or Fulton Market. One free negro, a butcher, pays taxes on \$20,000, and is the owner of several slaves. He could not be driven from the State. There are many other negroes who have not only bought their own freedom, but amassed considerable fortunes in South Carolina. Baskets, buckets, tubs, tables, chairs and various of wooden toys, such as wagons, &c., all manufactured by the slaves on the ad-

joining plantations, are offered for sale in the Market, and at prices which would astonish your good housewives at the North. A substantial wash-tub, iron bound and well finished, that would cost \$2 or \$3 in the North, is sold for 62 cents. A wooden table, substantially built, six feet by three or four, is offered at \$1.25. Well made willow market baskets, which sell at the North for \$1.50 to \$3, sell at 50 cents each. Fly brushes, made of the palmetto leaf, very neat and serviceable, are offered at 12 cents, &c. Notwithstanding the slaves have the handling of so much cash, it is creditable to their honesty that an instance of "knocking down" is rarely known among them.

The variety of fruit and vegetables in the market amazes our Northern eyes. Strawberries, green peas, asparagus, vegetables of all kinds, together with oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits, are to be found in abundance. A rather pretty colored girl, attending one of the fruit stalls, was told that we were from the North. "I know'd dat," she replied, "as soon as I seed 'em." She was asked how she could tell that we were Northerners. "Oh, I can told you Yankees as far as I can seed you. You Yankees are too sharp for us Southerners. Won't you take bananas, sah?" She handed us a bunch of the agreeable fruit, and refused to take pay therefor, "Cos we were strange gon' 'men."

The following is a list of the prices now asked for provisions in the Charleston Market, as compared with prices a fortnight ago: Beef, roasting pieces, 18 cents per pound; a fine footling ago at 20 cents, a rate which the hotel-keepers were obliged to pay. Corned beef sells at 12 cents. Veal, 15 to 18 cents. Fresh pork, 12 to 13 cents. Roastings, \$1. Eggs from Rhode Island, 20 cents per dozen—hotel-keepers were obliged to pay a short time ago 37 cents. On the average, provisions are selling at a less rate to-day than the year round. Sweet potatoes, 10 cents per quart. Peas, \$1 per peck.

The Southern Delegation in Convention.

The greatest enthusiasm and excitement prevailed throughout our city on Monday afternoon, as soon as it was reported that some of the Southern States, by their delegations, had withdrawn from the Convention, and were preparing to meet in conference. Citizens who had previously cared little or nothing for the Convention, now exhibited the liveliest interest, and the "Southern Delegations" and "Southern Convention" were on every tongue.

A hurried appointment was made for a meeting of the retiring delegation in St. Andrew's Hall, (which had been procured through the application to Mayor Wood,) at 8 o'clock. Long before that hour the hall and all its approaches were filled by an eager and expectant assemblage, so that it was a difficult matter for any of the delegates invited and included in the call to effect an entrance.

Large assemblages of citizens were also gathered in front of the City Hall and at other places, in expectation of addresses from popular leaders of the seceding delegations, in explanation of this important movement.

At 8 o'clock, in St. Andrew's Hall, several appeals in behalf of order and regular proceedings were made, by W. L. Yancey and others, of the retiring delegation, and were heard with approval and applause.

The meeting was called to order by Henry D. Smith, a delegate at large from Alabama, who was followed by Mr. W. L. Yancey in a special request to all spectators and others, not delegates, to withdraw, so as to leave the hall free for the organization.

Mr. Yancey then moved the appointment of Senator James A. Bayard, delegate from Delaware, as temporary Chairman, but Mr. Bayard begged to be excused on account of imperfect hearing and want of acquaintance with the delegates present.

Mr. Yancey then moved that the Chair be assigned to John S. Preston, a delegate from South Carolina, who was conducted to the Chair with great applause.

Mr. E. Lubbock, of Texas, was appointed Secretary.

Mr. Yancey then offered a few remarks, explaining the object and purpose of the meeting, and urging deliberate and well considered measures. He closed with a motion for the enrollment of the delegates and alternates included in the call, and the appointment of a committee to report a permanent organization. He advocated moderation and conciliation. The call of the States was then commenced and proceeded with. On reaching New York, Dr. Skinner, of the "Hard Shell" delegation, responded in a few eloquent words, pledging his co-operation and the best wishes and efforts of his colleagues.

Mr. Bayard replied eloquently in behalf of Delaware. On the call for South Carolina, Col. J. P. Read (one of the three delegates who did not act with the majority of that delegation in the Democratic Convention) made an eloquent expression of his feelings and reasons, and gave his signature and cordial co-operation. Mr. Read was repeatedly interrupted by loud and continued cheering.

Mr. Jefferson M. Lamar, of Georgia, replied promptly and eloquently to the call for Georgia. Gen. John Milton answered that "Florida is ready;" and was followed by Rev. James B. Owens, in the same strain. Mr. S. R. Burrows, replied for Arkansas. Mr. S. L. Greenfield, of the Hopkinsville (Ky.) Democrat, responded to the call for Kentucky, and stated that his colleagues were under some restrictions from instructions, and he would only beg the privilege of longer consideration.

Henry C. Burnett, of Kentucky, (M. H. R.), was then called on, and replied in an eloquent address.

The Chairman then stated again the objects of the call and the meeting, and expressed an earnest desire that the business of the meeting would not be interrupted by any call for speeches not strictly required by the resolution before them.

On the completion of the call of the States, it was found that Mayor Wood, of New York, had appeared, and loud calls were made for "New York" and "Wood." He replied briefly with his usual clearness and earnestness, stating the views of his delegation, and pledging a hearty concurrence in all movements looking towards the assertion and practical maintenance of the rights of all sections of the United States, and of the common rights of all citizens in the States and Territories.

Mr. Walker, of Alabama, moved the appointment of a committee of one from each delegation, to report a list of officers and rules for the permanent and perfect organization of the Convention.

In accordance with this resolution, which was unanimously adopted, the Chairman appointed the following committee: J. M. Porter, Alabama; B. Matthews, Mississippi; John Tarleton, Louisiana; W. H. Whitley, Delaware; W. W. Eisher, Virginia; R. B. Boylston, South Carolina; J. M. Lamar, Georgia; J. B. Owens, Florida; G. M. Bryan, Texas; M. B. Burrows, Arkansas; T. L. Sneed, Missouri; J. A. Green, New York.

On motion, the Convention of the Southern Delegations, and of the friends of Constitutional Union, was adjourned until 12 m., on Tuesday, 1st May.

"May Day" is now upon us.

[Charleston Courier.]

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The House Committee on Territories have reported no less than five bills for the creation of new territorial Governments—all of them with anti-slavery provisions—viz: Arizona, Chippawa, Dakota, Nevada and Idaho, or Pike's Peak. These are to be carved out of New Mexico, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and Utah.

The Senate was not in session. In the House, the day was passed in delivery of slavery and anti-slavery speeches. The excitement here to-night consequent on the proceedings of the Democratic Convention at Charleston is intense. The Tennessee Congressmen, in response to an inquiry of the delegates from that State, advised them this morning to remain in the Convention and support the non-secession.

SAVANNAH, May 2, 1 P. M.—The announcement of the withdrawal of the Southern delegations from the Charleston Convention was received with unbounded enthusiasm by the people of this city. Public sentiment here emphatically endorses the action of the South, and our citizens are astonished and exultant that Georgia has not yet been announced as participating in the movement of her sister States.

LATER—8 P. M.—The most intense excitement prevails to-night. The co-operation of the Georgia delegation with the other seceding States is cordially sustained, and men of all parties are rejoicing that the constitutional rights of the Southern States will be maintained by their delegates. One hundred guns are now being fired in honor of nine States that have retired from the Convention.

Twenty six more are to be added as a manifestation of public satisfaction at the withdrawal of the twenty six gentlemen who have hitherto represented the State of Georgia in the Democratic Convention.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., May 2.—Our city is in a ferment. No public demonstration has yet taken place, but public sentiment heartily sustains the position taken by the delegation from the State of Alabama. The hope is generally expressed that the South will stand firm and united in the maintenance of her rights.

[Special Despatches to Charleston Mercury.]

COLUMBIA.—THE STATE HOUSE.—A correspondent of the New York Daily News, writing from this city, says:

The whole city is in its rosiest beauty—for which it is so celebrated—and the hinges of its garden gates yet turn as easily as ever for the entrance of the stranger. Our Northern people can have no idea of what the word Paradise may mean. No, you must not imprison the flowers in the close air of the hot-house nor conservatory if you would have them luxuriant in loveliness. They must climb the expansive bowers after their own fashion, and open their buds to the free air. It was a rare feast to-day to go through long lanes of roses, and trimmed trees, with cool fountains, rural seats, and all the appliances of art added to nature for the purpose of making a little heaven upon earth. I wish to make my public acknowledgments to Mrs. Hampton and Mrs. Lyons for the taste, munificence and hospitality which they nobly exhibited.

The State House, or, as it is called, the New State House, is one of the sights of the land, and though not yet half done, is worth a visit all the way from the metropolitan city. The granite, of which it is to be chiefly constructed, is very excellent in quality, obtained three miles below. Italian marble is used in the finish of the portico. The columns, however, are of granite, after the Corinthian order, and the capitals are carved from the solid stone. I have never seen finer work. Inside, Tennessee marble is to be used to a certain extent. The stairs, however, are of granite, as are the banisters, which are turned, which the artist said was the first turning of granite ever done. He said he only had the art of hardening steel sufficiently to accomplish this. About the "first" of the thing I do not know, but one thing is certain, granite is most beautifully turned, and posts, which it would cost \$50 to cut are turned for 25 cents.

The picture of the building as it is to be is certainly very fine—the handsome in all its proportions of any State House in America. It has not the overbearing and inevitable dome, of which I know but one that looks well, on the State House at Boston. It must be allowed that the dome is a desirable ornament, but never view where I have seen it with pleasure. But the dome is doomed to be more scarce, say I.

Don't locate yourself on the back of a wild horse unless you want to be disconcerted before them.

Henry C. Burnett, of Kentucky, (M. H. R.), was then called on, and replied in an eloquent address.

The Chairman then stated again the objects of the call and the meeting, and expressed an earnest desire that the business of the meeting would not be interrupted by any call for speeches not strictly required by the resolution before them.